

William Willis

# THE VILLAGER

Charles Roberts Aldrich

Mathilde Baumgartner

Winsor Josselyn

Lincoln Steffens

Frank Sheridan

George Marion

Herbert Heron

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## Dedication --

To those who have felt the need for a Carmel publication judged by the merit of its literary content rather than the quantity of advertising and gratuitous puffs to advertisers this magazine is graciously dedicated---- We are saving our very best Sunday bow (with curtsy) for our Contributors. Not only by the excellence of the material submitted, but by precepts from their own rich fund of personal experience has this magazine been made possible and to them goes our most grateful salaam.

## Advice.... good and otherwise

The advent of any local publication is invariably ushered in by wellmeaning advice. This little soap-wrapper has proven no exception. One friend said, "Be sure and rible about at least three of our leading citizens in each issue." Another said, "Be very highbrow." Still another said, "Look about you, do as do the others. Say something nice about each advertiser and if a few kind words about the quality of the carpet tacks or spaghetti he sells." Some of these noble words we shall heed. About those scandal items, for instance. How's this: Pon Chong, noted Chinese diplomat now residing in Carmel, is said to be a spy in the pay of the Japanese War Dep't. Or: Oh! Oh! Gus England, who was that lady I seen you with last night? Or even: While strolling by the Sun Koloni the other day we saw Herb Cerwin and Rannie Cockburn peeking over the fence. Ah there, Herb and Rannie.

Brevity  
is  
the Soul  
of Wit  
—Shakespeare

## We may be wrong....

But we would rather be right than President — (Especially the way things are now) -- So, if you've any suggestions, let's have them and thank you.

—THE EDITOR

no. 1

the villager

march

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BALI

MOIRA WALLACE

# The Devil With Art      Mercenary Lover

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Strolling with Satan on the Avenue can be very, very annoying. His complacency rides one's nerves. On one occasion his constant boast of never-failing success irked me.

"Aren't you ever defeated?" I asked.

He looked at me. I repeated my challenge warmly:

"Don't you ever get licked?"

That got him a bit. He looked away and a frown—the shadow of a frown took the blooming brightness off his stony face. I had annoyed him. He finally answered, smiling grimly:

"No-c-h-o, not in the long run. I remember once, though, I almost lost—". We strode on in silence for a block. Finally Satan continued:

"It was way back among the beginnings of what you would call history, when those cave men were taken with a sudden impulse to draw the things they had seen—buffalo, deer—you know—on the walls of their caves. They discovered that with lines and crude colors, they could make designs that made them and other men make—animals and—"

I interrupted him here:

"But what was so menacing and alarming in those cave pictures? I can't see any danger in those savages playing, as children play, with pencils."

"That's it," he said, "you do see it." And he looked in my face with some respect that faded into a comfortable smile. "Dont you see, those children of men were playing," he said, and emboldened, I imagine, by my wonder, he spoke fast. "They were drawing for fun, with joy, and so—"

"And so—"

"They were—making things as God does. They were creating and so learning the divine power and glory of—making something out of nothing, for nothing. If they had gone on—! But I stopped it."

"How?"

"Oh, well, at first I spoke to the elders and priests about it. They, too, had been enjoying it, you see. They used to watch the drawing, line by line, talk about it, suggest corrections and other lines. It was becoming a game and



You're so alluring, so demure,

You slip right through my fingers,

Your interest I cannot secure,

But still your memory lingers.

The brief glimpse that I catch of you

Completely captivates my will,

But, should I ever capture you,

You'll never leave me—Dollar Bill

Ruth Norris Thompson



What is a dollar bill?

A green-colored piece of paper;  
my brother saw one once.

they might all have learned to—play and to—create. I thundered to the old people, one by one, that it was wicked to make images, and to the priests I whispered that it was new. And that is when I became worried."

"Worried?"

"Yes. The priests and elders took my alarm and they forbade the drawing of images, of any living thing, but the young men only sneaked off back off in the darker caves so narrow that the fat folk could not follow—and they went on drawing."

He sighed and was silent, till, suddenly he remembered. "But I won—at last. I learned something that has been useful to me ever since. I dealt with the young men themselves."

"I went to each one of the drawers of life; I bent over them one by one and I whispered: 'You must not do what you are doing, not the way you are doing it; not for the mere joy of it. You must know, and you shall never forget, that this drawing is not play, it is—Art.'

He stood up straight; he fixed me with his eye and aloud he repeated: "Art."

We walked on.

"I never had any serious trouble since with Art."

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CARMEL

# MOST REJECTED STORY of the MONTH

## The Millennium

BY WINSOR JOSELYN

Now and then a strange figure, undoubtedly a religious crank, may be seen haunting the highways and byways of a certain American city. In his hands he carries a stick with a sign tacked to it: I AM AN ANGEL OF THE LORD! PREPARE YE FOR THE MILLENNIUM!

Sometimes he stops and looks devoutly up into the sky. Then he shakes his head and mumbles and resumes his solitary trudging.

And who can say but that he is the very angel the Lord once sent to earth to preach—to prophesy—the Millennium? For, once upon a time. . . .



"Silence!" thundered the Lord God Jehovah.

The Archangels' argument subsided, and finally the harp music in the Sabbath streets of Heaven could once more be heard in the throne room. The Lord nodded emphatically.

"I'll settle this thing Myself," he boomed. "You old-timers simply quote the Bible about the Millennium and then get into a row about what it means." He snotted His hands together. An angelic office boy bounded in.

"Have the O. D. send me a No. 1 scout angel." The boy dashed out. "I'm going to find out right now whether the world is ready for this Millennium."

Entered one of Heaven's perfect angels, his halo, flaming sword, shining gown, harp and wings exactly as prescribed.

"Listen," said the Lord, pointing a forefinger at him, "Go down to earth and prophesy the Millennium. I guess I know Revelations 20, don't I? Tell people down there who you are, and that the Millennium is at hand. Observe closely how they take you. Then hustle back to report. Don't spare your wings, 'cause I want to get this off my mind and start on other things."

The angel was away with a rush of wings. Soon, a great city lay below, drowsing in mid-morning sunlight. Its downtown section was a tawny forest criss-crossed with purple shadows while spreading from it lay outlying districts flat and mottled like a map.

The scout back-winged, studying the mosaic

Rejected from New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post, Game and Gossip, American Mercury, Short Circuit, Short Short Story, Scribners, San Franciscan, Town Topics.

Ah! There was a House of God . . . a great church with people streaming in its many doors . . . an ideal place to begin telling of the Millennium. Down, down toward the roof behind the steeple he coasted.

Now, how was this excellent angel to know that every landing field has high tension electric wires running across it? There was a flash of fire, a clattering fall, an acrid smell of burning feathers and cloth, as if a pillow were in flame. After a moment of bewilderment, the angel got slowly to his feet on the roof. His feathers—indeed most of his wings—had been singed off, but the sight of his gown took his attention from his wings. A great hole had been burned in front where he had first hit the wires. This would never do, and so he took it off and reversed it. Next he pressed his halo round again, straightened his sword, tuned the remaining strings of his harp. As the Lord's messenger he would carry on, so he headed resolutely for the steps that led below.

At that time downstairs, it was the hour of collection. Soft organ music and chanting of the choir, and the minister, standing in the pulpit, eyes closed, was praying for generous hearts.



Somewhere behind the minister a door opened and a figure in a tattered white nightgown started along the platform before the pulpit. Few noticed the apparition, for at collection time the congregation has many things on its mind, and only when the figure reached stage center and struck a pose in the bright central light was he really seen.

"Behold!" rang out his voice. "I am the Angel of the Lord, come to prophesy the Millennium!"

If an escaped lion had roared in front of the minister, that holy man could not have been given a worse start. Nor have given worse outcry. But outcry changed to action when the angel turned and waved vehement sword, and the minister ducked back of the pulpit chair. The six collectors, all in decent black, left their buckets in the nearest laps and dashed

down the aisles.

"Behold!" cried the newcomer with redoubled vim, taking the commotion to be ardent acclaim. "I am an Angel of the Lord."

But the six black-clad collectors behaved more like gangsters than believers and leaped upon him. The janitor, reading the Sunday newspaper in an anteroom, heard what he thought was a fight among the collectors and phoned the police.

The already damaged angel was in no way improved by the time the officers arrived, nor was the language of the collectors, for the intruder fought like a fanatic. He was still fighting and crying aloud his message when the police hustled him out and into the patrol wagon, many hands and feet helping. One of them, however, cautioned another about being so rough on a poor half-wit who came to church in his nightshirt, but the other retorted, "Aw t' hell wit him!"

This pressed a new button in the prisoner. He struck out with arms and legs, made movements with his shoulders as if he were a great wingless bird trying to leave the ground. He broke free from his captors. He leaped to the pavement and fled up the street. After him ran the police, but his light running equipment and almost superhuman dodging ability took him out of sight in no time. A search failed to find him.



Now and then a strange figure, undoubtedly a religious crank, may be seen haunting the highways and byways of a certain American city. In his hands he carries a stick with a sign . . .

As for the Millennium—the Millennium is a thousand years of world holiness, of great happiness, and according to all indications it hasn't started yet.

## New Writers Ahoy!

Send us your favorite rejected manuscripts. (I say new writers 'cause old writers don't get their stuff rejected; NO?) You may enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. We shall be very glad to steam off the stamp and keep it, sending return mail postage due. You may feel certain that your chances with THE VILLASER are better than elsewhere, 'cause we haven't printed rejection slips—yet! But when the "tripe" starts flowing in we promise some little gilt edged slips (voice of the multitude, "We want Jo Mora to design 'em!") that you'll be proud to exhibit as proof of your membership to our "Manuscriptus Rejectus Club".

## Just Kidding

BY S. A. R.

Let's have a portrait or two. Painters? No; too many of 'em. We wouldn't know where to begin. Writers? That's better. Lincoln Steffens for instance: torpedo-bearded, rich with royalties from a third of a million worded autobiog of tumultuous prodigality and significance profound. Misunderstood, loved, hated, tongue in cheek he kids the Village along and laughs softly up at the stars. Charles Roberts Aldrich: there's a man for you. Bubbling with barbously vivid idiom, of rolling and ribald gait, he roysters amidst the columns of the Carmelite and Herald in impetuous abundance. Picaresque and naive in turn, merciless as Freud, stirring as Proust, invigorating as a draught of Chambertin.

Which brings us to the portrait of one who was not a writer. He was old and frayed and sat in a battered flivver in front of Imelman's, contentedly eating a pickle. From time to time strange noises came from him. A Sunset School boy saw, heard, and called to a boy friend. "Hey, Bob," he yelled, "come and hear a guy play tunes on a pickle." The frayed and aged one protested. "'T ain't music," he wheezed. "It's my asthma." Whereupon we wipe our brush and stick it bristle-deep in water.

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# Psychology Of Nudism

By CHARLES ROBERTS ALDRICH

We are today like stampeded cattle, rushing we know not whither in panic terror. We cannot endure our uncertainties; for, unlike soldiers, we are unrelated to our fellows and nothing, not even with ourselves. Even in our to the world we live in: we are at one with best clothes we are no longer impressive: no mask we may put on gives us any courage.

It was from the Sun, and the love and worship of the Sun, that the worship of Mithra came, the bravest, most shining religion the dark and timid world has ever known, the religion of the Roman Legions. The Legions are heroic dust. But the god is still in the sky, and once more the worshippers (unconscious worshippers, perhaps) dance naked before his altar.

Now physicians will give you learned-sounding explanations of the effect of sunlight on the bare body, in terms of vitamins and ultra-violet. They are good fellows, these doctors, and I care nothing with what materialism they amuse themselves so long as they recognize as they do that the Sun does toughen your too-babyish hide and do away with the body's prison pallor (which is the only thing that makes the body look shocking against nature's colors), that it does give strength to your very bones, and calm and courage to your spirit. Only, I insist that there is more to it than this. Your very psyche expands in the smile of the Lord of the Sky, spreads her bright unused wings, and sails off joyously.

In other words, nudism, whether you know it or not, satisfies the unconscious because it is a form of primitive worship. The cares, our artificial life, with its pretentious posing, its fears, the isolation of each in his shell, are cast aside. Nudism is an act of at-one-ment with our fellows and with nature. Naked—and naked only—we really know that other people are our brothers and sisters, that all the birds and beasts are our friendly cousins, that Earth and Great Mother is truly our nourishing mother still. There is a beauty in every unencumbered human body, from the cradle to bent old age, as the old painters knew. This stupid conventional notion that

only youth is beautiful, born of darkness and secrecy, is obliterated by nakedness in sunshine. In a dazzling flash one suddenly knows the worth of every human being. It has never been from any land of snow and fog, but always from lands where nakedness went unremarked and the Lord Sun shone bright and hot, that the great religious founders came.

No Pagan Christ wore furs.

## WHAT PRICE NUDISM

P. O. Box 824, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

February 25, 1933.

My dear Mr. Cowen:

It was delightful for you to call and permit me to look over Mr. Aldrich's article on Nudism. I have no objection to your publishing my statement that I agree with him in the main regarding his deductions and conclusions, but I would ask you to keep confidential the location of our little Colony of high-minded and fine-thinking young people.

The cruel publicity given our Branch of THE SOCIETY OF THE SUN has resulted in many annoyances, not the least of which has been a deluge of letters and applications from elderly men willing to wash dishes or do gardening work in return for their keep. Many of these letters have been of a lascivious nature, showing most plainly that our work is misunderstood.

I thank you again for your call, and wish you success with your magazine.

Faithfully yours,  
(Signed) MATHILDE BAUMGARTNER.

## A DREAMER TO HER LOVE

When I was young, and life was bright,  
I dreamed sweet dreams of a shining knight,  
Who'd come riding by some day,  
To bear my willing heart away.  
He'd be handsome, brave and strong,  
He would love me all life long.  
I'd go with him to a castle fair,  
Happiness would be waiting there,  
I dreamed this dream for such a while,  
It seemed so long to wait,  
So I started out to find him,  
But—I haven't, up to date.

— Sibyl Hitt Leonard

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## Maedchen In Uniform

BY MARJORIE MACEWAN

A delicate subject handled so subtly and skilfully that perhaps 75 per cent of the audience did not understand it, "Maedchen in Uniform" still sent not only the enlightened 25 per cent, but the unenlightened majority as well, to their homes delighted with the beauty and artistry of this unusual German picture.

Intelligent direction, beautiful photography and thoughtful casting characterized the production. To this reviewer, the captions in English, sketchy translations of the dialogue in German, were a detriment rather than a help to the enjoyment of the picture, in spite of the fact that our knowledge of German encompassed some twenty or thirty words. The action and expression seemed entirely adequate.

The students in a girls' school, daughters of military men, are expected to prove themselves worthy of their hero fathers. Their hunger for home and love and the depressing effect of the strict discipline and the ugly, uncomfortable uniform contrive to bring about an unnatural love which is evidenced in the worshipful attitude toward the only teacher on the faculty who has any warmth or kindness toward the girls.

It is impossible, in a few words of review, to convey the poignant haunting beauty of this picture. It is difficult, too, to tell what makes it a great picture. The story, a simple one with an underlying theme which can be ignored or accepted as the audience chooses or is capable of doing, is an unusual one—unusual, certainly, from the standpoint of Hollywood precedent. The fact that the entire cast was made up of faces new to the American theatregoer may have added to the feeling that each character was admirably portrayed.

It is greatly to be hoped that some arrangement will bring this splendid film to the Monterey Peninsula where good pictures find an unusually appreciative audience.



## Thrip'ny Opera

John Krimshy and Gifford Cochran, the astute young managers who brought "Maedchen in Uniform" over from Germany and cleaned up a fortune, have acquired "Die Dreigroschenoper," Central Europe's biggest hit of the season of 1928-29. This musical play will soon go into production in New York. Negotiations are pending with Edward Kuster for his translation and adaptation of the text and the lyrics. In the summer of 1930 Kuster, who is now producing director of the Community Playhouse of San Francisco, gave Carmel a notable amateur premiere of his adaptation, under the title, "The Thrip'ny Opera." It was played in the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough. Morris Ankrum and Louise Quervli, who played the leading roles, have since achieved considerable professional fame.

NEXT MONTH'S FEATURE STORY  
WILL BE BY HARRY LEON WILSON

## Paging Hercules

BY SIBYL LEONARD

"Little interviews with Big People," my Editor demanded—Strong Stuff!

I thought of Sam Morse. Having no card of my own I sent in one reading "Lily Dama" —I was admitted immediately. Mr. Morse was busy figuring out a mirror system to get twice as much light out of half as many bulbs in the lobby.

"How you've changed!" he said. I let that go.

"Mr. Morse, I've come to interview you on—"

"The machine cannot replace Man Power," he cried—rapidly tearing two telephone books into small pieces. "Why there are machines here on the grill floor idler than a man could ever be! Twenty-five cent machines, 10 cent machines—even nickel machines. Idle—bah!"

He toyed with the telephone—twisting it into a corkscrew.

"But, Mr. Morse—"

He was gone. He had risen suddenly to his feet. The concrete floor—machine product—helpless beneath the heel of Man Power, had caved in! Two stories below I heard him pushing through a two-foot wall muttering, "ridiculous!"

# Go West Young Man

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

It can be done. These young publishers of "The Villager" may not do it. As one looks into their bashful faces and listens to their grand plans, the thought thumbs to one's nose that they can't or won't. It takes some audacity. But, just the same, a national, an international, a universal magazine can be created out of the stuff that is summed up in the names: Carmel, Pacific Grove, Monterey. The antics, the sincerities, the approximations to thought, the unconscious appearances, the droll, droll anxieties, the sad, sad assurances, the raw materials for novels, plays, operas and articulate movies that is lying around unappreciated all over this beautiful peninsula, is stuff for the potential genius, which also is here, to pick up and focus into a reflection of all that's the matter with the whole, wide, worried world. Here it is gathered—here in this last jutting finger into the Western ocean—here has come to a final stand the age-old flow of culture and civilization which have been circling the globe. Here man can see and say that we can go no farther. History can confess or boast that here all its traveling aspirations, adventures and labors have come to their end. Achievement! This—we, here are what it was all about. Egypt, Greece, Rome, England, America, and the rest were all to throw up on the beach—this beach—not the greatest, not any extreme—but the natural average survivals, both in man and human ideals, of the ever-lasting struggle that is evolution, the naturally selected types, ideas, character, mind.

The very soul of Man, the purest scum of his philosophy, the fine gas of his golden hopes—what the average good man of all the ages wanted to be and have—that we have here!

And there is here, also, the genius to see and hold up the mirror to unarrived man everywhere. This magazine is founded upon the faith that if the publisher show this mirror, the magazine, the unarrived, undiscovered geniuses that we all know are here among us will come forth with pencil and pen, to look at, listen to and depict with laughter and tears their neighbors and their works and their wonders and that, thus then, the on-coming

race of humanity will be able to foresee what the race of man is coming to when it gets to heaven, what it will do, say, wish, enjoy and be.

It will be done, I repeat; Carmel, Pacific Grove, Monterey are too, too rich to go to utter waste. The whole world wants to know what it is coming to and it is to be expected that when this mirror, "The Villager" is held up to it, the whole world will look into it, eagerly with hope and fear, to see if it can see itself as it is—at its best.

## Hollywood--Would You?

BY RUTH DALY

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer have left for Europe. Rumors have it that Irving will be looking for another job on his return, his present position at M. G. M. to be taken by one of Louis B. Mayer's numerous son-in-laws.

Shearer's contract still has two more years to run, but it is possible that she will ask for her release if Thalberg is not retained. (And will Joan Crawford cheer; she has always contended that they give Norma the best stories).

The old "who-was-that-lady-I-seen-you-with?" gag has been given an entirely new twist by Henri Garat, Fox's Chevalier rival. Says Henri, "My wife, she looks like a lady but she is only twenty-two."

Then there's George Raft, who called all the papers and invited the news hounds out to hear his version of his controversy with Paramount over his role in "The Story of Temple Drake." When avid reporters got there, it seemed (could Paramount hear so quickly) that George had decided he had nothing to say. Just wanted to meet the boys.

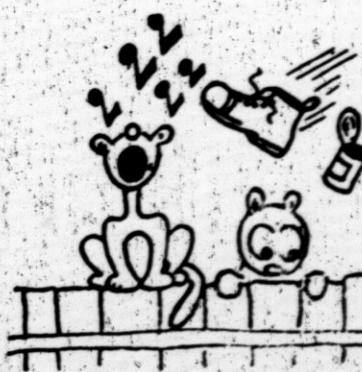
Joel McCrea off on a four-day trip, to the high Sierras with a mule team . . . Bebe Daniels is planning a concert tour of Europe—and will make her debut in Spain . . . who's the young boy Miriam Hopkins has been seen around the various night spots with? . . . The Culbertsons are pretty burned about being put on the spot by the dizzy Marx Brothers . . . Lilian Harvey, Fox's blonde British siren, has been annexing all the eligible males in Holly-

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wood, notably Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper and Gene Raymond . . . and now that Chevalier has gone over to the enemy, Marlene Dietrich has been seen with George Raft . . . Le-man Eddie Lowe seen passing the potato chips at Howard Greer's fashion tea . . . Sari Maritza has been wearing those tailored trouser suits for a long time—but nobody noticed it . . . Johnny Weissmuller is nursing a bruised nose—was Lupe that rough?



## O'Shea at Denny-Watrous

BY STUART O'BRIEN

John O'Shea's exhibit of black and white is truly impressive, but I yet have to make up my mind as to which emotions were overwhelming. His charcoal transgressions made me feel like his rooster with that incredulous bewildered look, gazing at the empty egg shell. Granted the charcoal was handled by a master craftsman—but craftsmanship is not the sole requirement in expressing modernism. The old school has had nothing to say in the last three decades so its only value lies in its faultless interpretations.

Is that what the depression does to an artist? Don't stand and gape at his works. I am afraid he is kidding most of the time, but see them by all means. Most of them are works of art. So are Peter Arno's drawings in the *New Yorker*.

## Short Short Story

BY KAY HARSHBERGER

Once upon a time there was a novelist who had a pure white soul raised by hand. He had heard that no novel could be great unless written in a garret on an empty stomach, so he got himself a nice, cold, uncomfortable garret and wrote himself a long, sad, beautiful, great novel on an empty stomach. The publishers rejected it, saying that it would have to be double-spaced and typewritten in the usual manuscript form before they would give it any consideration. So the novelist with a pure white soul by hand went out and got a typewriter and a six dollar dinner with wine, liquor, cigars, and two kinds of poison jelly fish, and wrote his novel all over again on the typewriter. The publishers rejected it anyway.

Moral: Don't write on an empty stomach if you can get a typewriter. You can throw rejected manuscript in the garbage can if no one will print it, but you have to keep the same old stomach whether you like it or not.

## PINAFORE

Directed by

Galt Bell and Arthur Gunderson

Enjoyed every minute of it. Principles and ensembles excellent. Would have suggested it be played less serious.

—Helen Ware.

Cast with inspiration; coached to perfection; delivered with salty gusto. An outstanding show of the year.

—S. A. R.

A real success. The music, contrary to expectation in amateur operetta, very excellent. Compares with some of the best amateur shows I have seen.

Capt. T. E. Haley, dir., Presidio Players.

That *Pinafore* preserved the quaint charm of the ever delightful Gilbert and Sullivan was due largely to directorial artistry.

—Ada McQuillan.

Samuel Etheridge, as Capt. Corcoran and Gordon Knoles, as Dick Dead Eye, outstanding. Gilbert and Sullivan must have had Chester Sheppard in mind when they wrote a part for "the ruler of the Queen's Naires."

—Julia Starke.

It is all too seldom that such a superb characterization, such a perfect delineation, done with subtle artistry combined with a worth while effort of the entire cast is seen in *Carmel*. Such a performance was Gordon Knoles' as Dick Dead Eye, and the effort in *Pinafore*.

—Pete Steffens.

# THE ADOLESCENT THEATRE

## Gone Broadway

BY ESTO BROUGHTON

Does the dog wag the tail, or does the tail wag the dog?

If it is not speaking out of turn, has our community play movement gone into nature faking? Does the box office appendage really dictate what the body of the drama will be?

In other words has the "little theatre" gone commercial so that it is no longer for creative art's sake but to roll up a "big gate"? If so it has no worthier motive for existing than Broadway, and in fact it is less creative, experimental, and venturesome.

Remember that small group of artists, writers, actors, producers, that founded the Provincetown Players on Cape Cod? They were creators in the best sense, struggling for expression, beauty, interpretation of life. From that wind swept spit of sand has come Eugene O'Neil, recognized as the foremost playwright of America, the Theatre Guild of New York City, and a half dozen great producers, directors, and dozens of outstanding actors.

That was an amateur group inspired by the Gods of creation, a band that had the courage to do differently.

Look at the Carmel little theatres — present and a few years back. Glance at the old bill posters. "Chicago", "Rain", the "Spider", etc. . . . Broadway hits warmed over. Efforts, sincere efforts, made to imitate the original professional production, but at best merely imitative.

Ask any of the community group staggering under an unbalanced budget and the reply will be: "We must get something popular!"

In other words it must pay.

But did these same people ever consider not out-Broadwaying Broadway, leading not following by attending that spark of originality which Emerson said is hidden in the breast of all of us.

Pasadena's Workshop produces an original play as the creative opus of amateurs from writing to costuming every two weeks at a cost of \$15. From little bubbles big balloons grow.

Broadway has taken chances and won. . . . Consider "Green Pastures", "Mourning Becomes Electra", "Street Scene", all off the type play.

When will a group of Community Players produce a play as typical of Carmel as the Passion Play is typical of Ober Ammergau?

## Blind Man's Bluff

BY FRANK SHERIDAN

What kind of plays should Carmel Community Players produce? If you were to find a man who could tell what the public wanted in plays you would find the most precious jewel in all theatredom. He doesn't exist!

The public's taste in plays often is my laugh of the year. Did you ever see "Abie's Irish Rose"? You can't even tie that in weighing the public taste—I call it bad taste. That "classic" was a conglomeration of old junk that had done duty for years, tied together by skillfull direction, and produced with fear and trembling. I was rehearsing in a theatre next door to the theatre "Abie" was rehearsing in. Our play "Every Day", by Rachael Crothers, had an excellent plot, was well written, and had a splendid cast. Larry Marston, who directed "Abie", told me that his main object was to crowd in all of the sure-fire hokum that he could think of, play New York for a month—maybe two—then pick up the loss on the road. Well, "Every Day" and "Abie's Irish Rose" opened the same night. "Every Day" lasted four weeks. "Abie's Irish Rose" ran four years. And I've been asked to write about what the Public, the dear, discriminating Public want. In truth, Mr. and Mrs. Public don't even know what they want themselves. Something will please them and they say it is

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good. So it is darn good; it is what they want. If you give the customer what he wants you're a success; and you're good.

Our Carmel Players have given almost every style of play. I'd suggest that a ballot be distributed asking for a vote on the kind of plays the voter wanted. You may get a line on your patron's likes and dislikes that way. They have some rattling good actors in their group and I feel that whatever they undertake to do will go over in an artistic way whether the box office suffers or not.

I honestly think that we are being over-played. One every six or seven weeks would be plenty. Maybe it would be safer in the winter to put on but four plays, and beginning with May produce one a month. I suggest a departure from the modern to the last two generations, now and then, of authors; it would be a contrast and if well chosen plays like "Camille," "Rosedale," etc., are played seriously they will be pleasers. I don't mean the rot like "Uncle Tom," or "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Charlie Hoyt's plays and farces—"A Midnight Bell," "A Milk-White Flag," and "A Temperance Town" are three that are loaded with laughs and sentiment.

These are but ideas of mine, and I'm only one of the Public. I may be "all wet", but considering that Carmel has but a couple thousand people who call it home and is, theatrically speaking, a jerk-water town, it has reason to be chesty and crow loudly over its Community Players.

## Looking Back

By GEORGE MARION

It's a sure laugh to listen in on a bunch of Old Troupers reminiscing of barn storming days. What Ho! Here come the Show Folks. Didn't it give you a thrill to see the talent promenading the main street, each bent on impressing the natives with the dignity of his histrionic calling? On this off stage thing depended the dotted sheet at the popular drug store. Happy go lucky, was the only name for them, and bless you, the shining lights of the stage. Booth, Jefferson, Florence, McCollough, Mayo, Owens, Mansfield, Irving, Salvini, Dusa. You can go down the line and every real one had a go at the wandering herd. 'Twas the players educational mart, up and down life's roadway tuning his observation to the idiosyncrasies of the "Comedie Francaise." Alas, the stage of today is bereft of the school wherein the novice became familiar with the technique of his craft, deprived of the benefit of rubbing shoulders

with tradition. We must look to the "Little Theatre" for our players, endowed with the mimetic instinct, cultivated by sincere devotion, acquiring the art of painting without what they feel within. Then we may hope the rising generation may provide artists capable of doing honor to the places of those Grand Old Masters who have passed on.

## L'enfant

L'enfant on the ragged edge of puberty, clutching with one hand the pants half fallen to the knees of spindly legs, with the other hand a blinking electric torch held high, searching for a mountain top underneath a briar bush. Such is the theatre in America today.

The question is: shall we nurse it, fondle it and lead it in the way of righteousness and learning, or shall we take advantage of those lowered trousers and vent our sadistic tendencies, or might a well aimed bullet be the happier solution? (Night over chaos). Leading seems futile. Who wants a ninny that can only follow? What good spanking such a cumbersome brute? And careful shooting deals such little pain.

It seems to some that the headlines, the radio, and the general pace of the day have

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those unexpected  
callers barge in at 8 p.m.  
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taken preference in the affection of the theatre over literature, art, modern romance and the traditions of the theatre itself. After all, the theatre's principal love should be itself. There is no perversion in the introvertial aspect of an art.

Our theatre goes dashing here and there, from front pages to gangster dives, from divorce courts to political skirmishes; attempts to make of incidental comedy material a ponderous philosophy of life; blatantly echoes the half-guessed vices of civilization. It leaves sadly unattended that which has always been the theatre's charm, its lovely lady of yesterday. I mean the drama of the past, which should be blended with the enticement of the drama of today to create an appealing entity, theatre.

Yesterday's drama is the theatre's heritage, and from it should be built today's tradition. Must novelty continue to be the theatre's prime ideal? Simple emotions do not change, and only when it appeals to those basic processes can the drama hope to live.

Most of this, of course, applies more strictly to the three dimensional theatres for the motion picture has little past worthy of resurrection and its tradition must quite naturally be greatly different. However, the cinema may feel a large portion of responsibility for the state of affairs in the legitimate theatre. It must take the blame for the passing of the actor. This is the age of the director, who might never have been discovered in the studio. The cinema's lack of past surely atre, had his brother not become a dictator in contributed mightily to the theatre's burial of the past. Oh, Cinema, heavy, heavy, hangs over thy head, what do'st thou do to redeem thyself?

The illegitimacy (as opposed to the "legitimate" stage) of the motion picture was only implied, until the constant search for novelty uncovered toys of science and our long-legged brat of the screen found voice. Already within view was an independent art, an almost perfect medium, since it invokes emphatic response so much more heartily than a more complete form of expression. Then, God help us, the darned thing talked. Shattered was the illusion, and the newly-born art, aborted, was a forgotten thing, as the gibbering cinéma catapulted on to find for itself new and noisier novelties.

Ah, well—what of all this?

Some there be who say we must die to be reborn.

If this be true the new birth of the theatre may not be far off.

Beware, theatre, gather unto thy bosom the fullness of thy heritage and cherish it that it may sustain thee in thy hour of pain.

—John B. Hughes.

## Book Notes

BY HERBERT HERON

Among the latest interesting books published since the first of the year by writers associated with Carmel and the Monterey Peninsula are:

"Amaco," by Martin Flavin. This new play is a remarkable presentation of the origin and growth of modern industry, symbolized by a huge factory shown at different periods of its development. The volume carries an enthusiastic letter from Lincoln Steffens to Mr. Flavin, and Mr. Flavin's reply. The author, whose magnificent stone house adorns a headland below Carmel Highlands, is well-known as a permanent resident and the Peninsula's most famous playwright.

"The Late Christopher Bean," by Sidney Coe Howard. Mr. Howard's work is founded upon René Fauchois' "Prenez Garde à la Peinture." Mr. Howard's first play, "Sons of Spain," was given its premiere in the Forest Theatre in 1914, with beautiful settings by D. W. Willard and Arthur Vachel. One act was laid at the Carmel Mission, the others in the surrounding country. Sidney Howard gained fame through the authorship of "They Knew What They Wanted," which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize of 1923. Edward Kuster made a fine production of this in the Theatre of the Golden Bough in 1927, giving a striking performance himself of the leading role. Another of Howard's plays, "Lucky Sam McCarver," was played here by a California troupe under the management of Denny and Watrous in 1928.

"The Ordeal of Mark Twain," by Van Wyck Brooks. A new and completely revised edition of a work that first appeared in 1920, winning for its author much comment and praise. Brooks was married in Carmel in 1911 to Eleanor Kenyon Stimson, later a well-known translator of books from the French. Brooks was instructor in English at Stanford from 1911 until 1913. The Brookses lived here again in 1918 and 1919, in the Stimson house on Ocean and Carmelo, with their two children. Here was done much of Van Wyck Brooks' trenchant criticism of American literature, in the method which he "pioneered."

"Ann Vickers," by Sinclair Lewis. Lewis spent a year in Carmel, 1909-1910, living in the small Foster cottage on Monte Verde with William Rose Benet. He was here again in the summer of 1917, a successful tho not a famous author. Since publication of "Main Street" he has visited the Peninsula two or three times.

# Dangerous Occupations

BY LEON WILSON

There are few, gentle reader, more dangerous than naming salads. Big game hunting, steeple-jacking, war itself are pale beside the work of those courageous souls who sit in secret places thinking up new titles for old salads. The better to understand the situation, I reprint here Miss Hornblower Smythe's (bravest salad namer in pantrydom) list for last week Monday:

## BREATH OF PARADISE

Maraschino cherries imprisoned in sky blue jello, lettuce cut artistically in Cupid shapes. Serve cold with hot fudge sauce.

Doesn't that just make you drool at the mouth, reader? And here is:

## MOONLIGHT ON THE GANGES

Take several firm bananas, top, excavate, and stuff with nicely boiled bacon. Prepare a neat bed of mashed potatoes, and arrange bananas intriguingly thereon. A chilled raspberry or an Episcopal dressing will do very well.

Now you understand why each namer wears a ring which, when bitten, gives off an odor of bitter almonds, for use in emergencies. The last is called:

## OLD SCOTCH HEATHER

A green pepper is skillfully hollowed out and filled with clover honey. A handful of diced tripe is thrown in to give it body. Now plant a long spire of asparagus upright in the center. The whole should be liberally sprinkled with grated carrot. A dazzling effect will be gained by pinning a small American flag to the summit of the asparagus.

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